

# THE STOLEN KISS.

Words by J. D. FOULON.

Music by M. I. EPSTEIN.

*Allegretto* 3/4 = 72.

1. Be not an - gry, my dear, for it can't be a - miss, From your lips, where in - chus - ters they're  
2. As un - cer - tain I stood, with a wick and a nod, To your lips, cher - ry ripe and so

1. grow - ing, To have plucked on the sly on - ly one lit - tie kiss, That so  
2. pout - ing, Quick he point - ed a - gain, did the wi - ly young go, And 'twas

1. ripe 'mid its fel - lows was show - ing; But if an - gry you be, 'tis not  
2. thus that he con - quered my doubt - ing; For so truth - ful he looked and the

*rit. - - - - - and. a tempo.*

1. me you must blame, But that play - ful young rogue they call Cu - pid, For he whis - pered to  
2. kiss seemed so good, That his gift I could sure - ly not spurn it, But if false - ly he

*rit. a tempo.*

1. me, as he stopped in his game: "All those kiss - es are mine; take one, stu - pid!"  
2. spoke, I will do as I should, And to you, if 'tis yours, I'll re - turn it,

*ad lib.*

1. You stu - pid, take one, stu - pid, you stu - pid, you stu - pid. He had gone from my  
2. re - turn it, I'll re - turn it, re - turn it, re - turn it. But you've kiss - es to

*a tempo.*

1. side, when I turned to re - ply, Wond'ring much if the truth he were tell - ing, When I  
2. spurned, and I know they are nice; And you too are so sweet and so clev - er, That, for

1. saw the young elf look - ing out of your eye, As 'twere out of the door of his  
2. three or four more, I'd con - sent in a trice To be chained as your slave, aye, for -

1. dwell - ing, dwell - ing, dwell - ing, As 'twere out of the door of his dwell - ing.  
2. ev - er, ev - er, ev - er, To be chained as your slave, aye, for - ev - er.

*cres. - - - - - cen. - - - - - do.*

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brothers who reside in Treasure Valley. Two  
of them are cruel and morose men, the third  
is a sort of naive Cinderella, the daughter of his  
brothers. The inhospitability of the older  
brothers, arouses the wrath of "South West  
Wind, Esq.," who descends the rich valley after  
destroying everything. This is the *motif* of  
the story, which like the river it tells about,  
is carried along, now by strong currents, and  
now by gentle breezes, to a satisfactory end -  
ing. The story, like all of the famous au -  
thor's books, is charmingly written, and  
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famous English artists.

In *Dredge's Magazine* for November, Ed -  
ward Harrigan, the noted actor and play -  
wright, tells the secrets of "Making up" the  
face for the stage. The article is fully illus -  
trated, among the pictures being a full length  
portrait of Harrigan as Waddy Torgan, sketched from life. Nellie Talbot Kincaid

tells a delightful story of a summer's flirta -  
tion, "In Lighter Vein," "Mr. Pipkin's  
Primer," by Edward Willett, is an amusing  
skit, as are "Jupiter Zeno," Esq., by Wm. H.  
Siviter, "The Boy Choir," by C. N. Hood,  
and "The Old Story," by Zenas Dane.  
"Brother Long Legs," is an interesting de -  
scription, by E. S. Archer, of that comical  
fellow, the spider monkey, illustrated. A.  
W. Bellamy has a poem called "An Epicure,"  
containing twenty-five puns. "A Secret of  
the Sea," is an absorbing narrative by S.  
Ada Fisher. Laura C. Holloway contributes  
a timely article on "Pressed Leaves and  
Grasses." Selma Dolara, the actress, sends a  
story, "Perfectly Shocking," and it is a good  
one. "Quacks is a collection of humor that  
is alone worth the price of the magazine,  
which is ten cents a copy or one dollar a  
year.—Drake Publishing Co., New York.

"The Last of the Huggermuggers," a Giant  
Story by Christopher Pearse Cranch, well  
known as a poet and essayist, tells of John  
Cable's adventures in a queer country where  
lived Mr. and Mrs. Huggermugger, the last  
of a giant race, doomed to extinction by the  
disclosure of a secret. John Cable, better  
known as little Jacky, goes to sea, is ship -  
wrecked, and with several companions is  
thrown upon an island where trees and shells  
are of gigantic proportions. For Mrs. Hug -  
germugger fades away because the secret has  
been disclosed by a jealous dwarf, and Mr.  
Huggermugger, coming to America to join  
Mr. Barnum, dies at sea. The story is full of  
strange adventures, quaint conceits and old  
fashioned tales. It is in a modern style after  
the curious Gulliver's Travels, and is very in -  
teresting reading. The illustrations are num -  
erous.

"Koboltoto," a sequel to "The Last of the  
Huggermuggers," narrates the further ad -  
ventures of Little Jacky on the island of the  
Huggermuggers, with the attempt of the en -  
vious dwarf, Koboltoto, to fill the place of  
the dwarf giant whose destruction he had  
caused, by disclosing the secret of his trans -  
formation from small beginning to giant  
hood. The dwarf's wife in turn betrays his  
secret, and soon the whole colony are busily  
searching for shell-fish which are supposed to  
have growing properties. Here comes in the  
moral of the Cranch stories: first the jealous  
envy of the dwarf causes disaster to the good  
giant and his wife; then the search for shell -  
fish causes the heretofore contented colony of  
dwarfs to desert their usual avocation and  
turn to oyster hunting. Hence, neglect to  
love, and a bad state of society. Little Jacky  
and his friend Little Nubb come in time to check  
this morbid desire to grow into giant status,  
and to restore a better state of reality. The  
books are very interesting and finely illus -  
trated.

One Fact  
Is worth a volume of rhetoric, said an Amer -  
ican statesman. It is a fact, established by  
the testimony of thousands of people, that  
Hood's Sarsaparilla cures eczema, salt  
rheum, and other diseases or affections aris -  
ing from impure state or low condition of the  
blood. It also overcomes that tired feeling,  
creates a good appetite, and gives strength  
to every part of the system. Try it.

The worst feature about catarrh is its dan -  
gerous tendency to consumption. Hood's  
Sarsaparilla cures catarrh by purifying the  
blood.  
Cloaks for ladies, misses, and children, all  
styles and prices. Ashby & Millspaugh.

## The Deceived Coachman.

A Family Coachman, who was Driving the  
Master and Mistress on his first trip, slaved  
the wheels off of two Private Carriages, rub -  
bed a Grocer's horse, and crowded several  
Vehicles to the Carstone to Escape him. He  
was about to run over a Polack with 10,000  
feet of Lumber on his back when a Policeman  
Arrested him for Reckless Driving, and the  
Master observed that it Served him right.  
"But it is your Fault!" Protested the  
Driver.

"Why, I have not Said a Word."  
"That is true, but you failed to Inform me  
as we started out that you did not own the  
Whole Earth, and I have been Driving Ac -  
cordingly."

MORAL:  
It is a Mean Trick to Deceive a Coachman  
in that Manner.—Detroit Free Press.

## Took Him a Long While.

"I must have a talk with this George to -  
night," said the old man, "and see if he  
means business."  
"Oh, don't, pa!" pleaded Grace. "It will  
kill me if you do."  
"Tut, tut," he returned; "hasn't he been  
coming here a year and never proposed yet?"  
"That's true, pa," she replied; "but give  
him a little more time. You know George  
stutters so."—New York Sun.

## Interesting to Scientists.

Miss Bunker Hill—Do you have much In -  
dian summer in Colorado?  
Maj. Wester—Yes, we have a great deal  
more Indian summer than you do here in the  
east.  
"I wonder why that is so?"  
"Because we have got more Indians, I  
reckon."—Texas Siftings.

## Playing House.



Madge (supposed to be in search of board)—  
Can I get rooms here?  
Jenny (landlady)—Is that child yours?  
Madge—Yes, ma.  
Jenny—I'm sorry, but we don't take chil -  
dren here.—Life.

## Where They Abound.

C. J. Ghooly, the new Persian minister at  
Washington, says the women of this country  
are the most beautiful in the world. He  
must have visited Narragansett in egypt.—Nar -  
ragansett Herald.

## A Cheeky Nurse.

Nurse—Can't I put baby in the crib,  
ma'am?  
Mother—No; doggie is in the crib. Wait  
till doggie has had his nap.—Boston Courier.  
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